

THE PASCAGOULA DEMOCRAT-STAR.

BY P. K. MAYERS & M. B. RICHMOND.

"PEACE, GOOD WILL AND PROSPERITY TO ALL MANKIND."

TERMS—\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

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PASCAGOULA, JACKSON COUNTY, MISS., APRIL 12, 1878.

No. 3.

PROFESSIONAL.

W. A. CHAMPLIN, ELLIOTT HENDERSON,
Champlin & Henderson,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Pass Christian, Miss.
Will practice in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

R. Seal,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Mississippi City, Miss.
Practices in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

C. D. Lancaster,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Pass Christian, Miss.
Will practice in the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

Lewis H. Champlin,
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Pass Christian, Miss.
Prompt attention to the Collection of Claims in the Sea Shore counties.

J. C. Heidelberg,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
Pascagoula, Jackson County, Miss.
Will practice wherever he may have business. Will give special attention to Collections and Chancery business; such as settling Estates, examining Land Titles and giving Legal Opinions, "quieting" Titles to Land, obtaining Divorces, &c.

C. H. Wood,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
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Practices in the Courts of Jackson, Harrison, Hancock, Perry and Greene.

J. P. Carter,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
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Will practice in the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

Dr. A. K. Northrop,
DENTAL SURGEON,
Office at Pass Christian, Miss.
Will visit all points upon the Coast, giving notice whenever he moves, at present at Pass Christian.

Joseph R. Davis,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Mississippi City, Miss.
Will practice in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

W. G. Henderson,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
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Will practice in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District. Prompt attention paid to all collections of claims. References—Roderick Seal, Mississippi City.

S. Moore, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Pascagoula, Miss.
Office and residence near the Seashore Hotel, residences and post-office.

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Respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Pascagoula, Scranton and Moss Point.
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F. BECHT,
BARBER & HAIRDRESSER,
PASCAGOULA (Depot), MISS.

Hair Cutting.....35 cents.
Shaving.....15 "
Hair Dressing.....25 "
Monstrous dyed.....50 "
Will be happy to attend his old customers and many new ones. Support the DEMOCRAT-STAR and your barber.
The Celebrated Hoyt's German Cologne always on hand, and the best Hair Oil for sale cheap.

B. TUCI,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Corner Pass Christian Road & Delaney St.,
BLOXI, MISS.

Offers his services to the public as a first-class Boot and Shoe Maker. All styles and prices. A perfect fit guaranteed. Repairing a specialty.
Nov. 4, 1877. 20-1y

LAND for SALE.
The undersigned has Cheap length Lots and Small LOTS for sale near Scott's Station, New Orleans and Mobile Railroad.
For further particulars, address
WM. McCAUGHAN,
Pass Christian, Miss.
Feb. 23, 1878. 42-6m

J. NIELSEN,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry left here for repairs I will not be responsible for over three months.
April 29-ly

THE OLD RELIABLE
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
CHAS. NELSON,
SCRANTON, MISSISSIPPI.
Will do all kinds of work in his line, such as making and repairing boots and shoes, at the lowest living rates, and in the most fashionable and workmanlike manner.

LIVERY STABLE,
Pascagoula Depot.
B. F. PICKET informs his friends and the traveling public, that he has established his Livery Stable at the Depot, where he is prepared to furnish horses—saddle or to harness, with vehicles, at any time of the day or night. Also, hauling of all kinds done at short notice on reasonable terms. With prompt and careful attention, and moderate charges, he trusts to merit the patronage of the public.
April 21, 1878. 20-1y

THE COURTS.

REGULAR TERMS.

CIRCUIT COURT—SEVENTH DISTRICT.
JAMES S. HAMM, Judge.
THOMAS S. FORD, District Attorney.

In the county of Lauderdale on the second Monday of February and August, and continue eighteen days.

In the county of Kemper, on the first Monday of March and September, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Clarke, on the third Monday of March and September, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Wayne, on the first Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Greene, on the second Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Jackson, on the fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Harrison, on the third Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Hancock, on the first Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Perry, on the first Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Marion, on the fourth Monday in March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Perry, on the first Monday in April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Greene, on the second Monday in April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Wayne, on the fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Clarke, on the first Monday in May and November, and continue six days.

In the county of Lauderdale, on the second Monday of May and November, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Kemper, on the fourth Monday of May and November, and continue six days.

CHANCERY COURT—7TH DISTRICT.
GEORGE WOOD, Chancellor.

In the county of Jackson, on the first Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Harrison, on the second Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Hancock, on the third Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Perry, on the first Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Marion, on the fourth Monday in March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Perry, on the first Monday in April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Greene, on the second Monday in April and October, and continue six days.

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MISS EDITH HELPS THINGS ALONG.

"My sister'll be down in a minute, and you're to wait, if you please, and says I might stay 'till she came, if I promised her never to leave."

"Not speak till you spoke to me first. But that's not some, for how would you know what she told me to say, if I didn't? Don't you really and truly think so?"

"And then you'd feel strange here alone? And you wouldn't know just where to sit? For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and we never use it a bit."

"We keep it to match with the sofa. But Jack says it would be like you, to sit on it and knock out the very last screw."

"S'pose you try? I won't tell. You're afraid to sit on it, are you?"

"Well, then, there's the sofa—that's pretty, if you're sure that you're niggers are clean."

"For sister says sometimes I daub it, but she only says that when she's cross. There's her picture. You know it? It's like her; but she ain't as good looking, of course."

"This is me. It's the best of 'em all. Now, tell me, you'd never have thought that once I was little as that? It's the only one that could be bought—"

"For that was the message to Pa from the photograph man where I set—"

"That he couldn't print off any more till he first got his money for that."

"What? May be you're tired of waiting. Why, often she's longer than this. There's all her back hair to do up and all of her front curls to fix."

"But it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown people, just you and me. Do you think you'd be coming here often?"

"Oh, do! But don't come like Tom Lee. Tom Lee, her last husband. Why my goodness! He used to be here day and night. Till the folks thought he'd be her husband."

"And Jack says he gave him a fright. You won't run away then, as he did? For you're not a rich man, they say."

"Pa says you are poor as a church mouse. Now are you? And how poor are they?"

"Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, I am for I know now your hair isn't red. But what I must go. Sister's coming. But I wish I could wait just to see if she ran up to and kissed you in the way that she used to kiss Lee."

[Exit Edith in the Independent.]

THE HIDING PLACE.

OR WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

Grandfather was dead! Over and over again, the thought he must die made me cry my eyes nearly out, for though he was eighty, he was not too old to love. And now it happened, and was all over, and I sat in a kind of a miserable dream, listening to Lawyer Curdle asking me—

"Where grandfather had kept his will?"

"Did I not tell you? Did I not tell you? A will in my favor, leaving everything to me?"

"Of course I knew of it! Grandfather wanted to tell me, said I, 'but I would not let him. I could not bear to think of his being dead. I hoped he would not die before I did.'"

"In legal matters, ladies are little sort of idiots," said Mr. Curdle.

"I grieve to distress you, but I suppose you know there's a rampant old fury down stairs, who claims this place and everything in it—who is really your grandfather's sister—and who if there is no will found, can turn you out of house and home."

"You know your grandfather was only a stepfather to your mother. You've not actually related at all."

"Come now, plain speaking is necessary—if we find the will, you are an heiress; if not, a beggar."

"Nothing could make me that," said I; "nothing while I have ten fingers."

But he had aroused me at last. Where had grandfather told me the will was? I tried to think. No, he had not told me. I had put my hand over his mouth, and said: "Grandfather, don't! I shall cry myself to death if you die, so I shan't want anything."

And he said: "Well, well, I know you are not waiting for dead men's shoes—I know that, my child; and some other day, some other day."

hair that was still bright red, and a long, sharp nose. She was talking at the top of her voice, apparently to no one in particular.

"Lawyers, lawyers," she was saying, "all alike the world over. Didn't send me a word of my poor brother's death; not a word, not a line, so that I should not come to claim my own."

"Left it to that girl, eh? Humbug! She's no relation to him; she's no relation at all, Margaret Boker had a little girl already by her first husband when she married him. This is that girl's child."

"No blood relation—none. No, no. My brother and I haven't been friends, I know, but it's all the same if he hasn't made a will—and I know he didn't—all his property is mine?"

She took snuff and scowled at me furiously.

I shrank away, and began to feel how important it was that the will should be found.

I searched eagerly enough now. I turned back carpets and shook out curtains.

I rummaged every desk and drawer, trunk and box in the house. All in vain.

At last even Mr. Curdle acknowledged that further search was hopeless.

"A man should confide his will to his lawyer," said he; "a lawyer's box is the only safe place for it."

"No doubt this old woman has employed some one to steal your grandfather's will from its 'very ingenious' hiding place, and the result is that you are a beggar."

"You are ridiculing poor dead grandfather and calling me names," I said, bursting into tears.

"My poor, foolish child!" said Mr. Curdle, "why didn't you hear what he had to say at last? Together, you have made a nice mess of it."

We had certainly, as I acknowledged when old Miss Humphries took possession of the homestead, and I found that I was no longer mistress of the dear old place—that I had not even a right there, but was an interloper.

When, to crown all, she came to me as I lay weeping on my bed, and said in her harsh nasal tones: "Benlah, sit up and stop crying; I've got something to tell you."

I sat up and wiped my eyes. I consider her an enemy, and one never wishes to weep before one's enemies.

"Providence is Providence, Benlah More," said she; "you oughtn't to rebel agin it—no, you oughtn't. You ought to be contented in the condition you've been called to. But I'm not a hard-hearted woman; I'm willing to have you stay with me. You can help me in the work, you know."

"I don't keep servants—a lazy, idle set, eating you out of house and home."

"A young girl like you can be useful if she's grateful and willing, so I'll keep you, Benlah More."

I was only fourteen years old, but I knew as well as I know that I should have preferred service anywhere else.

But as she spoke, a thought darted into my head.

Grandfather had certainly spoken of hiding a will somewhere.

If I stayed and rubbed and scrubbed, and dusted diligently, I should discover it if it was above ground, and not stolen, as Mr. Curdle believed.

Ah, how delightful to discomfit her at last.

How well worth the hard fate and the hard work I knew I should have to endure.

Yes, even her unpleasant company could be borne with this end in view.

So I laid, taking care not to speak too eagerly, that I would stay, and I gave myself a year to find the will in.

A year is an eternity at fourteen. That very day old Miss Humphries began to show me my position by turning me out of my pretty bedroom and sending me into a sleeping room.

I had had a pretty carpet, white curtains, a book-case, Turkish chair and dainty bed, all white and pink, and toilette service, pink and white also.

I had never done any work, except putting this room in order, for we had two old servants besides a man.

Now I scrubbed floors and washed windows and dishes, and had no time to read or sew, or wander in the woods, or enjoy myself in the garden.

Miss Humphries sent all my school girl friends from the door when they asked for me, and it was after a long, hard fight, that I obtained my books, my sewing basket and my few window plants, with which to make my garret more home-like.

My black suit became shabby. I felt ashamed to go to church, and I knew not where to procure other clothing.

I was very miserable, but all the while I never forgot my object.

Not only did I continue my search all day, but at night I often pattered about the house in my bare feet.

I had found many curious places

where a will might have well been hidden.

For instance the posts of grandfather's bed had a hollow space in them, covered with a carved cap, shaped like a pineapple, which came off.

And behind the carved wooden mantelpiece in his room—the original house was a hundred years old, they say, and very curious—there was a receptacle that might have concealed fifty wills.

The old woman never suspected me.

Besides, she was half the time asleep, nodding in her chair.

She had a delight in seeing me at work, and set me tasks as hard to me as those the malevolent fairy put upon poor Graciosa were to her.

Where I was sent I went. Who knew where the will might be?

But now the year I had given myself was nearly over, and the malevolent fairy of my existence had ordered me to whitewash the countenance, and I had agreed to do it with a feeling upon me that endurance was almost at an end, that hope was almost gone, that I must leave the place if I starved.

No wonder I was thin, and had lost my complexion.

The time was mixed and the brush was found.

"Put it on thick, Benlah," said my task mistress; "we don't want any of the boards to show. Why, where is your stick?"

"I can't find one to fit," said I, disconsolately. "Oh, I can't reach, I think."

"You can't," said she. "The idea of whitewashing with a short brush. Go and hunt a stick. Why, I know where there is one—in your own room. I saw it to-day."

"That's dead grandfather's cane," I said.

"I don't care. Get it," said she. "It is only a stick, cane or not."

"I won't use that in such a way," said I. "Grandfather's cane, that he used to walk with every day—that I use to ride on when I was a baby. Dear old cane, that seems a part of him, I wouldn't use it so for worlds."

"Sentimental nonsense," said the old woman. "The idea! When I am dead they can do what they like with my umbrella, I'm sure. Get the stick."

"I won't," said I.

"Then I will, and you'll use it," said she.

Away she went to the garret, and down she came with the thick and heavy cane, with neither curve nor carving on it—a sort of pale gray wood polished like glass.

"Here's the stick," said she, "and you'll see my word is law here."

"Tie that stick on the whitewash brush and go to work," said she.

"I won't," said I.

"No."

OVER THE STATE.

Gleanings and Scissings from our Mississippi Exchanges—News and Notes Over the State.

The Crystal Springs camp ground buildings were destroyed by fire last week.

Dr. M. Gilman an old resident and practicing physician of Vicksburg, died in that city last week, aged sixty years.

The ghost scare is about over in Natchez. The good people of that town, after trembling for nearly a month, have come to the conclusion that it was a humbug.

A little negro boy of ten years of age killed his little sister, aged three years, the other day, in Warren county, with a musket, for informing his father that he had stolen some bread.

J. W. Moore and Enos Turner, two members of the Madison county grand jury, were stricken with paralysis last week. The former died and the latter was in a critical condition at last accounts.

The first lot of cotton goods produced by the Natchez cotton mills was put on the market on the 2d inst., and was bought up at once. The mills have now one hundred looms at work, having brought their operatives from Georgia.

The Enterprise Courier says that a cyclone passed over Clark county and near Enterprise, last week, which demolished houses, fences, etc., and tore up the largest trees by their roots. A great deal of damage was done, but no lives lost.

The Magnolia Herald says Rodney Green and Sam Johnson, both colored, made their escape from the jail in that county last week. W. H. Yeandle and a colored boy went in the jail to give the prisoners dinner, when these negroes forcibly took the keys from the jailer and fled.

The grand jury of Amite county at its recent sitting found twenty-eight true bills, as follows: Murder, 1; burglary, 1; larceny, 5; robbery, 1; conspiracy, 1; rape, 2; kidnapping, 1; assault with intent to kill, 5; assault and battery, 4; retailing, 6; misdemeanor in office, 1.

On the night of the 28th ult. a fire broke out in the heart of Crystal Springs, which consumed nearly all of one street. The following firms lost heavily—many of them everything they possessed: Humphreys & Barnes, E. T. Snickhouse, J. W. Bailey, J. Eusteneberg, A. Lotterhos, A. Throch, M. Hart, L. Bachner, and Henry Hudson, barber.

The forthcoming statement of the business of the Vicksburg and Meridian railroad for the fiscal year ending February 23, shows that 29,817 passengers have gone east, and the revenue therefrom amounted to \$62,243.16; going west there has been 31,500 passengers transported, who paid \$69,832, the total showing 61,317 passengers, and \$132,075.08 as the amount received therefrom.

Liberty Herald: There was quite a sad and affecting scene in the court room on Thursday last. While the judge was passing sentence on James Ferguson—two years in the penitentiary, for procuring in mask—the wife of the convict being present burst into a fit of lamentation and weeping, and appealed to the judge for mercy on behalf of herself and helpless children. The judge expressed his sympathy for her but kindly informed her that the sentence must stand.

Last week, at Kosciusko, Mr. C. A. Boyd, a gentleman who had been raised in plenty and who married, about four years ago, one of the most beautiful young ladies of that town, blowed his brains out with a shot gun. He went home at noon and asked his wife if dinner was ready, and being told there was nothing to eat in the house, he kissed his little daughter, asked her if she loved papa, and went into another room and committed the terrible deed. He was out of employment at the time, but had an account at a store and could have procured food, but the loss of property had worked upon his mind until he could bear it no longer.

Liberty Herald: There was considerable excitement in and around the courthouse on Friday afternoon of last week. Mint Newman and others, charged with bulldozing, were held in custody under guard of the court while in session. One of the parties requested permission to go below, and while being attended by a deputy sheriff, he broke away and fled through the north door and ran down the walk into the street, pursued by the deputy. He was soon captured and returned to the courtroom found all the other prisoners except Mint Newman, who, taking advantage of the excitement, had deliberately walked down and out without attracting attention, and mounting his horse on the south side of the courthouse square, made good his escape. He is still at large.

It should be a longer time between drinks in congress.—Washington Post.

SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

Important to Sheep Raisers in this Section—Questions and Answers, Etc.

The following is the report made by Col. A. E. Lewis to the commissioner of agriculture at Washington. As sheep raising is an important and profitable business in this country, we publish this for the general information, not only of our own people, but of those at a distance who may wish to know something of the advantages our country possesses in this particular business.

Col. Lewis is largely interested in sheep raising, has had many years experience in the business, and is perhaps the best informed man in this country upon this subject:

QUESTIONS.

Q. What proportion of the entire surface of your country, excluding only the area actually cultivated, yields wild grasses furnishing suitable pasturage for sheep, A. Two thirds, exclusive of water courses and low swamps.

Q. How many sheep, upon an average, would 100 acres of this wild pasturage support in the summer, according to your observation and best judgment, A. Seven.

Q. How many would 100 acres support in winter? A. The same, seven. The wild pasturage will support as many sheep in winter as it will in the summer. Flies are bad here in the summer, hence the drawback.

Q. How many months in winter is extra forage or pasturage required? A. Two months, if fed at all.

Q. What provision, if any, is now made for winter-keep of sheep? A. None, sheep take care of themselves.

Q. What wild grasses—common as well as botanical names—are most abundant in your country? A. Wild grass and flat weeds, of which I do not know the names.

Q. What is the average weight of fleeces in annual shearing? In semi-annual, when practiced? A. Not practiced. Three pounds unwashed wool in annual shearing.

Q. What is the average local value of fleeces per pound at the present time? A. Twenty-eight cents (unwashed wool).

Q. What facts can you give concerning individual flocks, showing cost of keeping, and profit? A. About 25c per head under the present loose system; 50c per head would be required if under a strict system.

Q. How many lambs are annually produced from each 100 ewes? How many of these are lost by disowning, exposure, or other causes? A. 80 lambs, fully one third.

Q. How many of each 100 sheep (exclusive of lambs) are lost annually by disease, theft, dogs, and wolves, or other causes? And how many of these by dogs? A. 20 per cent, of which half by dogs.

REMARKS.

There are some 450,000 acres of land in this country, Jackson, yielding tolerably good wild grasses for raising sheep. No tame grasses are propagated or cultivated for sheep. Very little attention is paid to the sheep raising business; yet, I know of no business that would pay as well if the proper attention was given to it. Sheep here run at large on public and private unenclosed lands. They are herded up in the spring, when the grown sheep are sheared and the lambs marked—that accomplishes more than half the care for the year. No shepherds or shepherd dogs are kept. Occasionally some vicious dogs are killed and a few fox and wild cat drives take place. We have no system about the matter. It is, who will or can raise more sheep on less trouble.

Our lands here, though thin, will produce fine grasses, Bermuda grass, the standard grass of the South, does not yet receive the attention it deserves. Our people are slow in changing old, easy customs, but are now waking up to the importance of grass culture and, I believe, will, ere long, turn the many—great many—